Disney Princess

STORYBOOK COLLECTION

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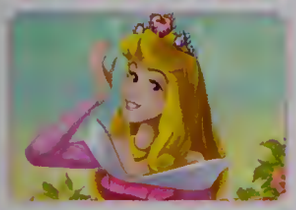
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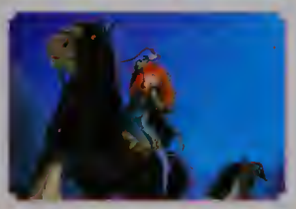
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BELLE AND THE PERFECT PEARL

By Ellen D. Risco
Illustrations by the Disney Storybook Art Team
Illustrations by The Disney Storybook Artists

"What do you suppose is behind these doors, Chip?" Belle asked the enchanted teacup.

"Books!" Chip replied.

Belle laughed. "I mean what kind of books, silly."

Belle threw open the doors. "I knew it. More beautiful adventures – tucked away and forgotten, maybe even unread!" she said.

It wasn't that the Beast didn't use the library. But when he did, he always read the same book.

"My library is your library," he liked to remind Belle. "Read and enjoy any book you find."

It hadn't been long since Belle had agreed to stay at the castle in return for her father's freedom. But each day she was getting to know the Beast better. She was starting to think that he actually cared about her happiness.

So Belle took the Beast at his word and made herself at home in the library. On many days, she spent hours there, reading book after book, losing all track of time.

Belle considered books priceless treasures. So when she took a break from reading, she gave the books special attention. Belle asked Featherduster to help her dust them.

She placed fallen books back on the shelves.

She pressed flat any folded pages.

One morning, Belle noticed the Beast had left his favourite book lying open on the arm of his chair. "That's not good for the binding," Belle said.

She picked up the book, closed it, then turned it over in her hands. Although the leather cover was worn, it was a beautiful volume with decorative gems on its brass clasp.

"Chip, look!" she said, pointing at the pearls. There was an empty hole where a fourth one should be.

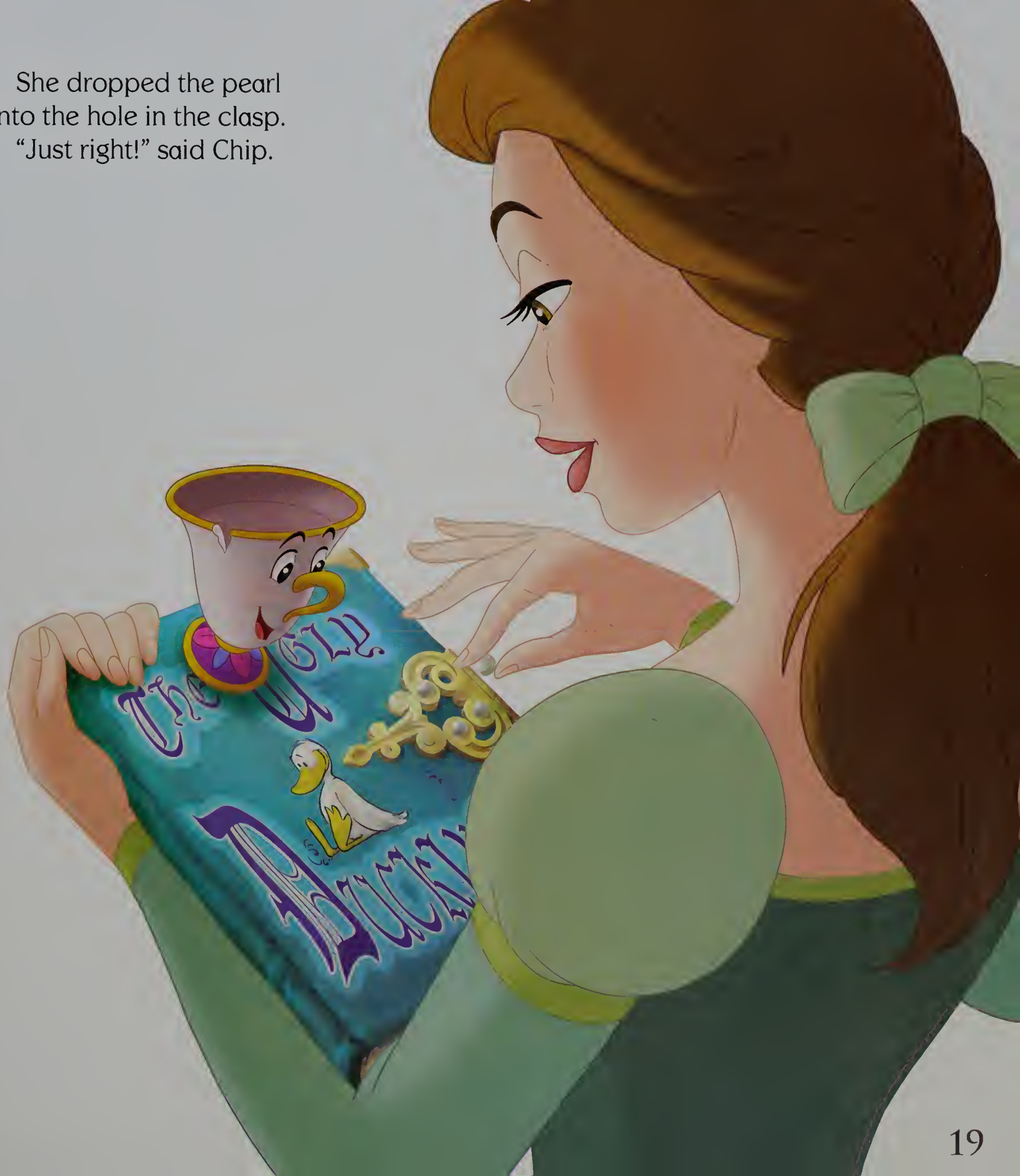
Hmmm, thought Belle. How long has it been missing?

Belle looked around on the floor, in case it had fallen out just then.

Chip helped her search. "I found something!" he called. There by the library door was a single, perfect pearl.

"Let's see if it fits!" Belle suggested.

She dropped the pearl
into the hole in the clasp.
"Just right!" said Chip.



But the pearl was loose and wouldn't stay put.

"I have an idea," Belle said. "This book is obviously your master's favourite. I'll fix it up a bit at a time. As the finishing touch, I'll reattach the pearl."

"Then you can surprise him!" Chip cried.

Belle nodded. She was happy to do something nice for the Beast.

Belle got right to work. She borrowed some rags and polish from Mrs Potts and gently cleaned the leather cover. Then she put the book back on the Beast's chair so he wouldn't miss it.

But when the Beast came into the library, he didn't pick up his book. He seemed to be looking for something.

"Can I help?" Belle asked.

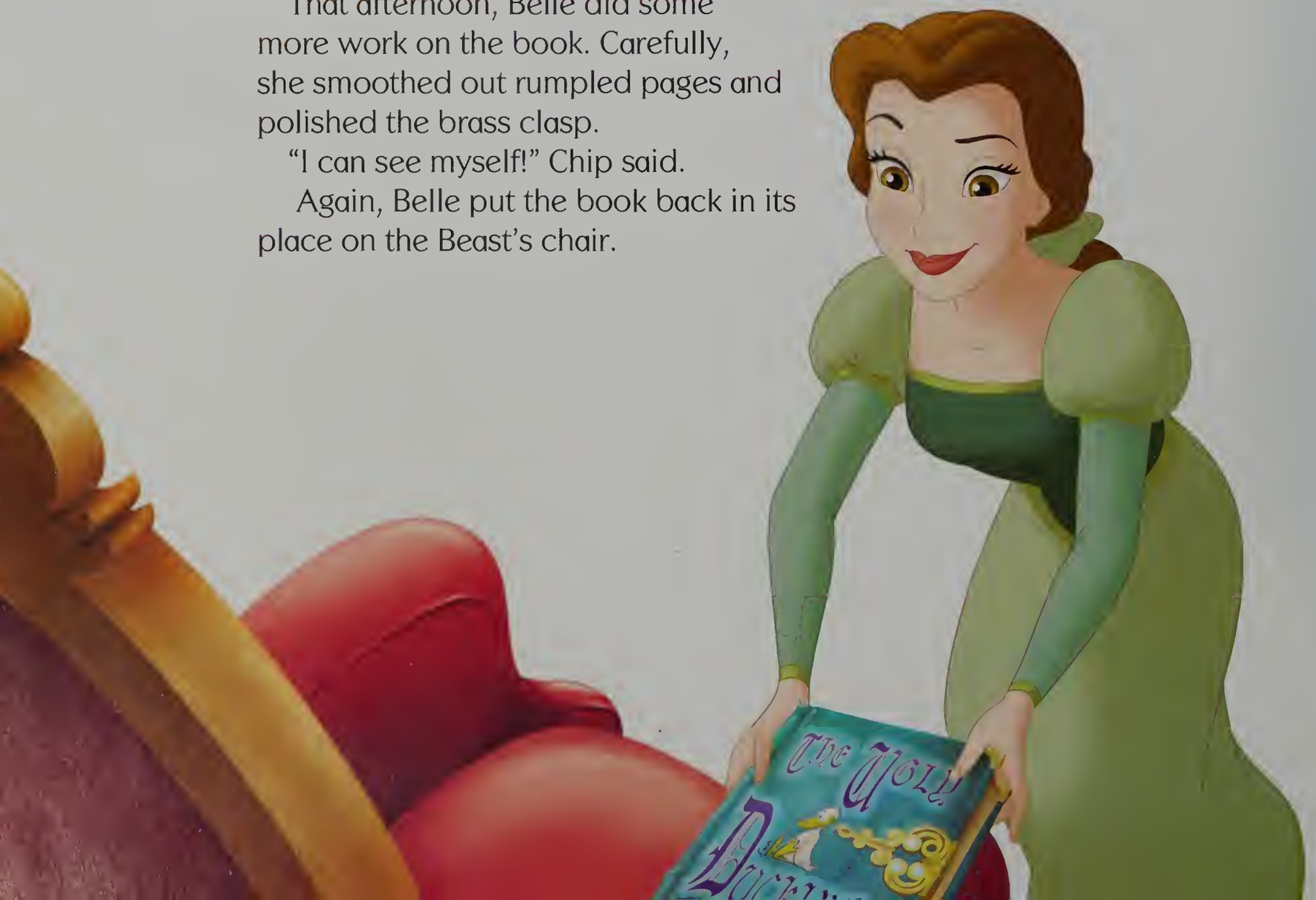
"NO!" he bellowed. Then, more quietly, he added, "I mean, no. Excuse me." Without another word, he left the room.

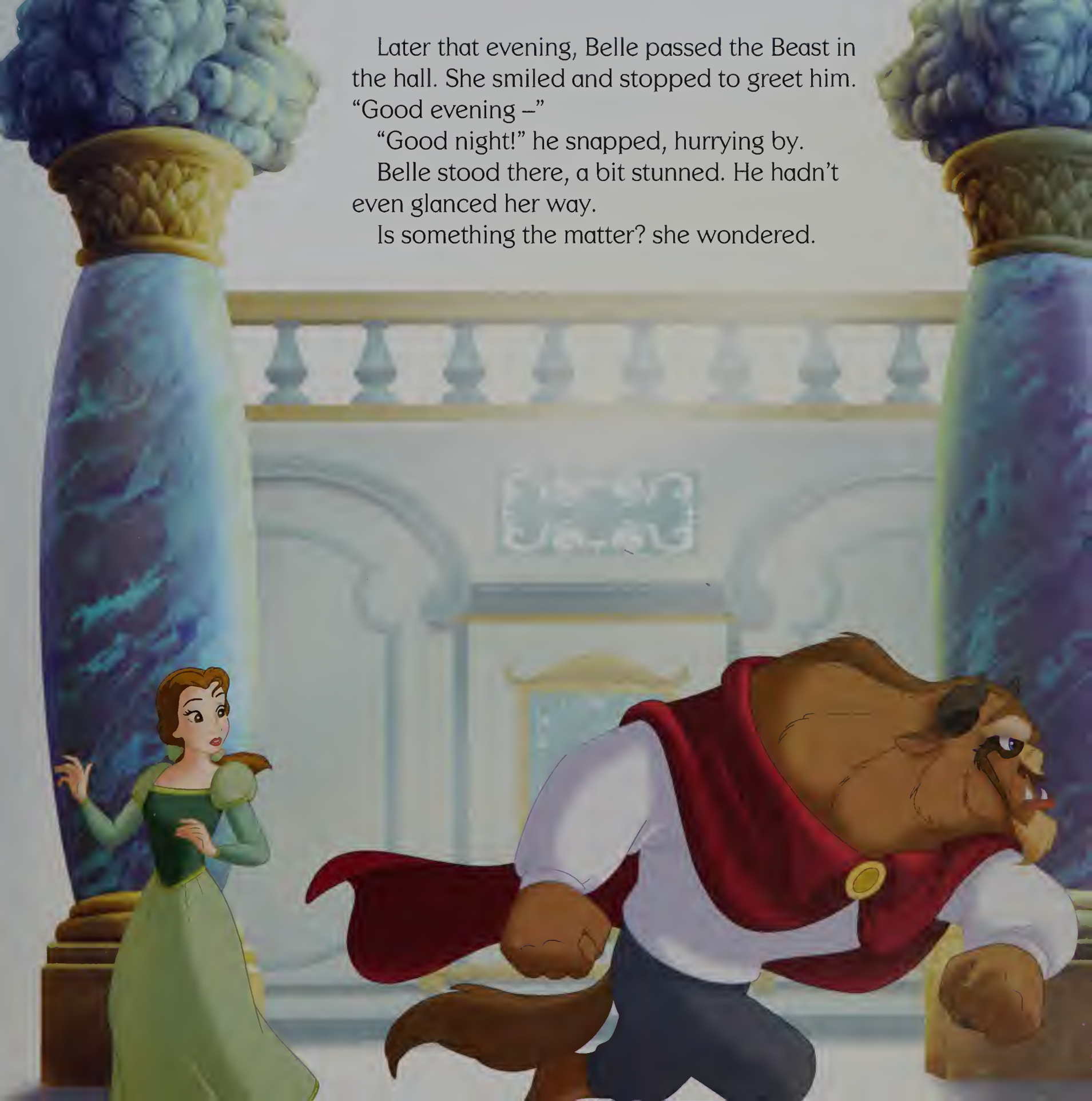
Belle was startled but shrugged it off, assuming the Beast's bad mood would pass.

That afternoon, Belle did some more work on the book. Carefully, she smoothed out rumpled pages and polished the brass clasp.

"I can see myself!" Chip said.

Again, Belle put the book back in its place on the Beast's chair.





Later that evening, Belle passed the Beast in the hall. She smiled and stopped to greet him. "Good evening –"

"Good night!" he snapped, hurrying by.

Belle stood there, a bit stunned. He hadn't even glanced her way.

Is something the matter? she wondered.

The Wizard
Picture

The next morning, it was time for Belle to add the pearl. But she wasn't sure she was ready to give the book to the Beast. He had been so grouchy the day before. What would he be like today? she wondered.

Just then, the Beast burst through the door. "You?" he cried. "You've had the pearl all along? I've been everywhere trying to find it!"

"Well, why didn't you say so!" Belle shouted, then she tossed the pearl onto the table. "By the way, I've been fixing up your book as a surprise."

The Beast was shocked. He looked at the book. He picked up the pearl. Then he smiled – and began to laugh.

Belle stormed towards the door.

"Belle, wait," the Beast said. His gentle voice made Belle stop and turn. "I've been working on something for you, too."

In the Beast's hand was a lovely antique pin.

"It's been in my family a long time," he explained. "I wanted you to have it. But first, I had something to add."

He placed the pearl on the pin, at the base of the rose. It fit perfectly.

"I removed the pearl from my book yesterday," he said. "But I must have dropped it on my way out and –" He looked down. "I'm sorry I blamed you."
Now it was Belle's turn to laugh. "Well, I'm sorry I stole your surprise."

Belle pinned the gold rose with the perfect pearl to her dress. Then she watched as the Beast noticed his book's shining brass clasp, polished cover and smooth pages.

"Thank you, Belle," he said. "You've made it new."

Belle and the Beast still had much to learn about one another. But their hearts were in the right place.

Disney PRINCESS

CINDERELLA AND THE LOST MICE

By E.C. Llopis
Illustrated by: IBOIX and Michael Inman

The stars twinkled in the clear night sky as the Prince twirled Cinderella outside to dance.

"Are you cold, my dear?" the Prince asked his princess.

"Just a bit, but –"

Smiling, the Prince reached for a box he had hidden under the bench. Inside was a beautiful winter coat.

"Oh, it's simply lovely!" Cinderella exclaimed. "Thank you!"

The next morning, Cinderella showed her coat to Suzy the mouse. "Isn't the Prince kind to me?" she said.

"Nice-a! Nice-a!" Suzy nodded and nuzzled the warm coat.

Cinderella didn't notice that Suzy had just come in from the cold. The tiny mouse was shivering even though the room was warm!

Just then, Gus and Jaq scampered up onto Cinderella's dressing table.

"Cinderelly! Cinderelly!" they chattered.

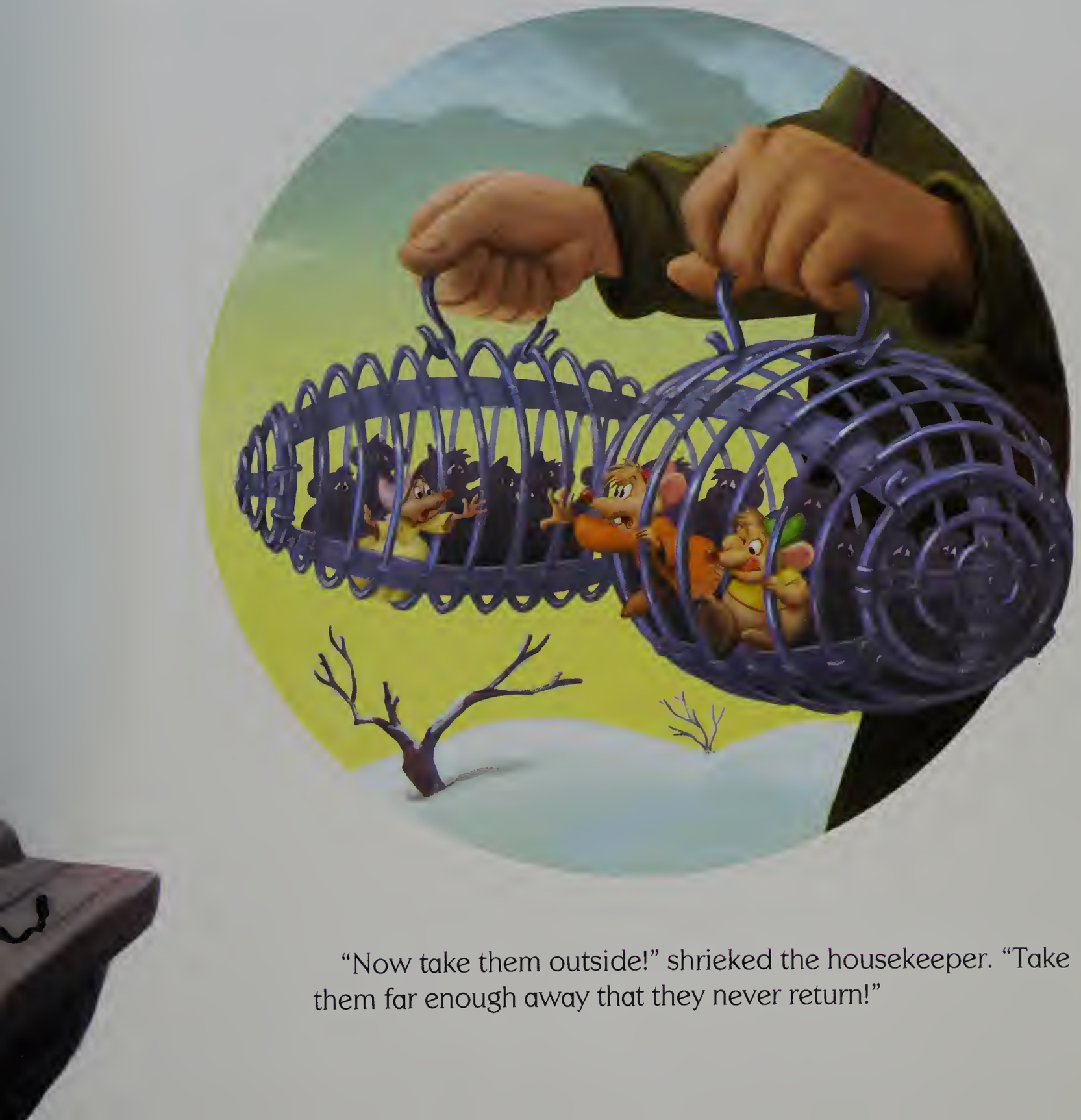
Cinderella didn't hear them as she rushed off to meet the Prince. She didn't know that they were cold, too!

Soon, several more cold and shivering mice entered the room. They sat in front of the fire until their teeth stopped chattering. The poor mice had spent the night in the freezing attic! They hoped Cinderella would let them stay in her warm room. But there was a problem.

"Shoo, shoo!" The cruel housekeeper barged into the room and began chasing the mice! "You're making the whole castle dirty!" she shouted. "I should have the gardener haul you away!" She was the reason that the mice were cold – and scared! They stayed in the attic to hide from her!

The mice scrambled back to the chilly attic, not knowing where else to go. "Cinderelly," Gus sighed. They needed her help!

Suddenly – *WHAM!* – the gardener slammed cages over the mice and scooped them up!



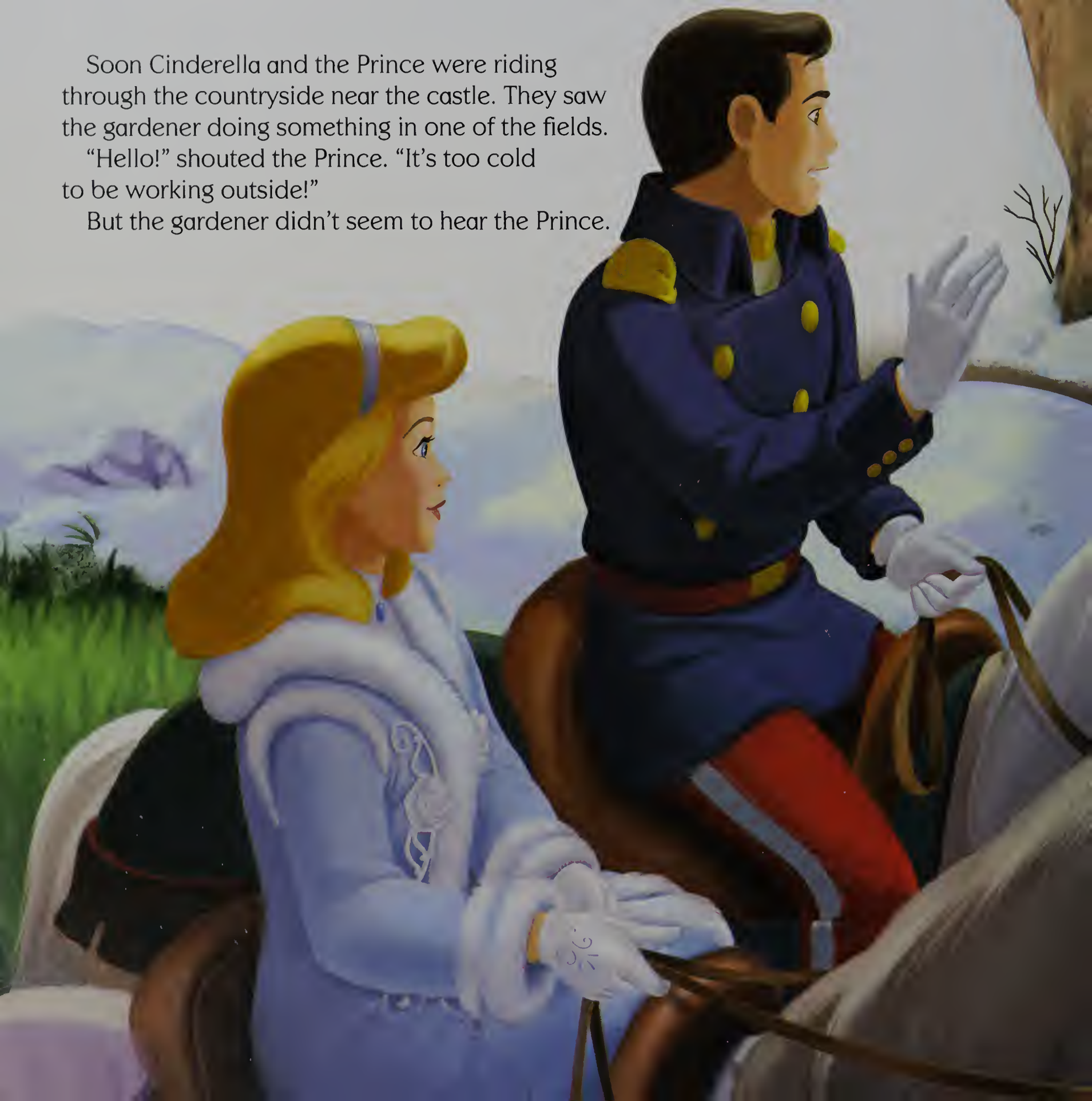
"Now take them outside!" shrieked the housekeeper. "Take them far enough away that they never return!"

Of course, Cinderella had no idea what had happened as she and the Prince strolled around the castle grounds.

"Let's go to the stables!" Cinderella said suddenly. "We can say hello to the horses."

"And maybe take a ride?" the Prince asked hopefully.

"Lovely idea!" Cinderella replied.



Soon Cinderella and the Prince were riding through the countryside near the castle. They saw the gardener doing something in one of the fields.

"Hello!" shouted the Prince. "It's too cold to be working outside!"

But the gardener didn't seem to hear the Prince.

When the Prince and princess returned to the stables, the Prince asked, "Do you think the gardener was acting oddly?"

"Perhaps he was distracted," Cinderella replied thoughtfully. "It must be hard to do much gardening when the ground is frozen."

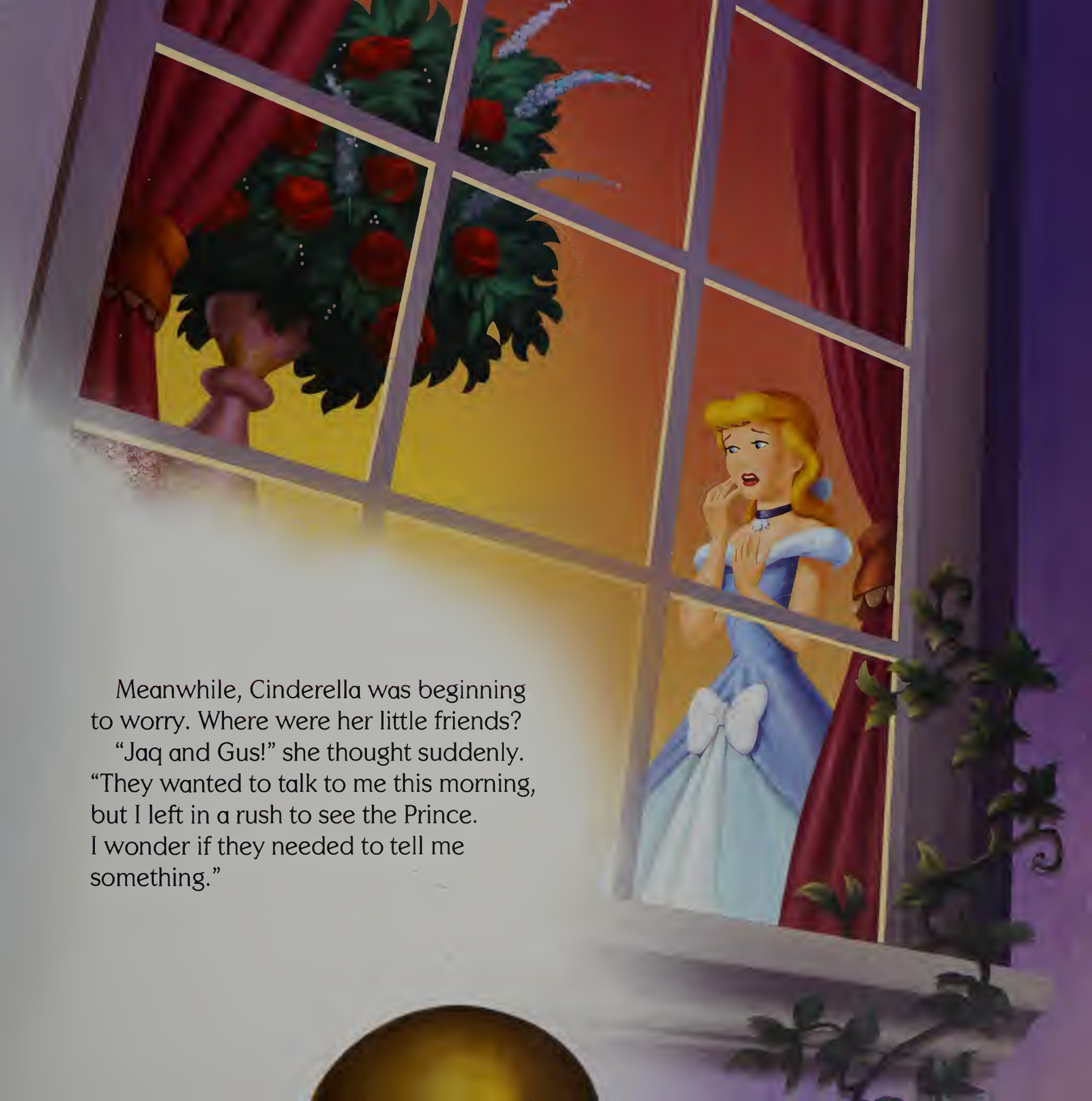
But the gardener was not distracted about gardening. He was worried about the mice! He knew that they would freeze in the fields.

"All right," he said to his helpers. "Now don't mention this to the housekeeper, but I want to bring these poor mice to the stables."

So they took the grateful mice to their new home and even fed them.

The mice nestled together in the barn, but as night approached, they just got colder. Finally, the horses allowed them to snuggle up in their manes to keep warm.

"Thassa nice-a," Gus said sleepily.



Meanwhile, Cinderella was beginning to worry. Where were her little friends?

"Jaq and Gus!" she thought suddenly. "They wanted to talk to me this morning, but I left in a rush to see the Prince. I wonder if they needed to tell me something."

Cinderella was searching the palace trying to find her friends when she ran into the Prince.

"Why, hello!" the Prince said cheerfully. "Are you looking for the same person I am?"

"Person?" asked Cinderella. "Why, no! I'm looking for the mice!"

"Ah," said the Prince. "And I am looking for the housekeeper who apparently threw them out of the castle today. She said they were dirty!"

"Dirty! Oh, no!" Cinderella cried. "They're not dirty. And besides, they'll freeze outside!"

"Don't worry, my dear. The mice have found a new friend." The Prince then told Cinderella about the gardener and what he had done.

Together, Cinderella and the Prince went to the stables, where they found and thanked the gardener. Then Cinderella awakened the mice who were snuggled comfortably in the horses' manes.

"Cinderelly! Cinderelly!" the mice shouted happily.

A few nights later, there was a grand ball – with the gardener as the guest of honour. The cruel housekeeper now peeled potatoes in the kitchen. She would not be bothering the mice again. Meanwhile, the mice celebrated with a banquet of their own. And as for the horses, they got extra apples all around!

The End

Disney Princess

ARIEL AND THE AQUAMARINE JEWEL

By Lara Bergen
Illustrated by Studio Iboix and Andrea Cagol

It was a glorious summer morning – a perfect day, thought Ariel, for a walk along the shore. Happily, she set out, and almost before she knew it, she had walked farther down the beach than she ever had before.

In fact, Ariel was just about to turn back when her foot struck something hard in the sand.

"Ouch! My toes!" she cried, still not entirely used to the feel of human feet. She looked down, surprised to see something gleaming in the sand. She bent down, dug it out and pulled off a layer of seaweed. She slowly turned the shiny object over in her hand.

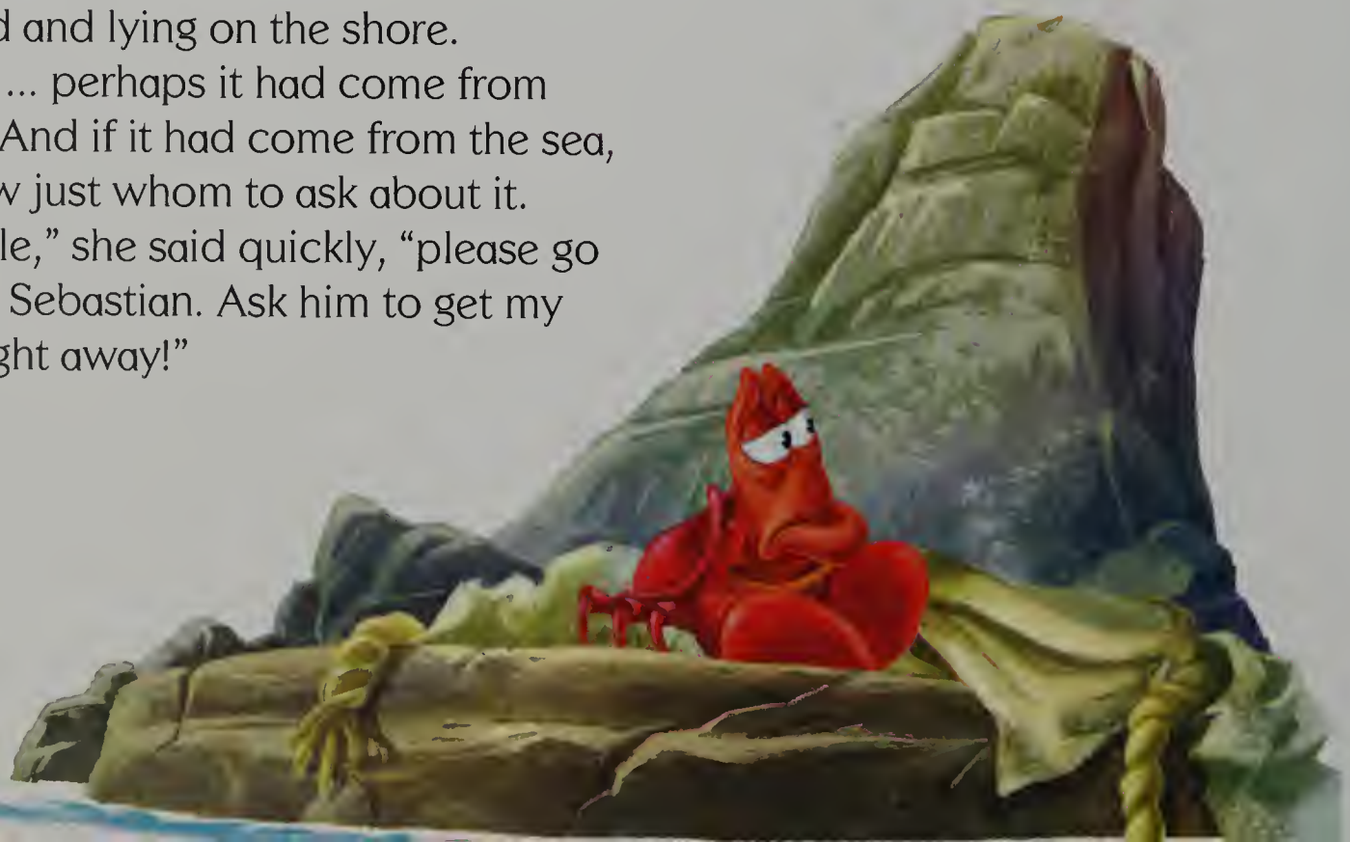
"Whatcha got there, Princess?" her friend Scuttle asked. "Looks like a piece of that gnobblybloop you humans like so much. Yum! Can I have a taste?" And with that, he stuck out his tongue and licked it! "Blagh!" he exclaimed. "Maybe not...."

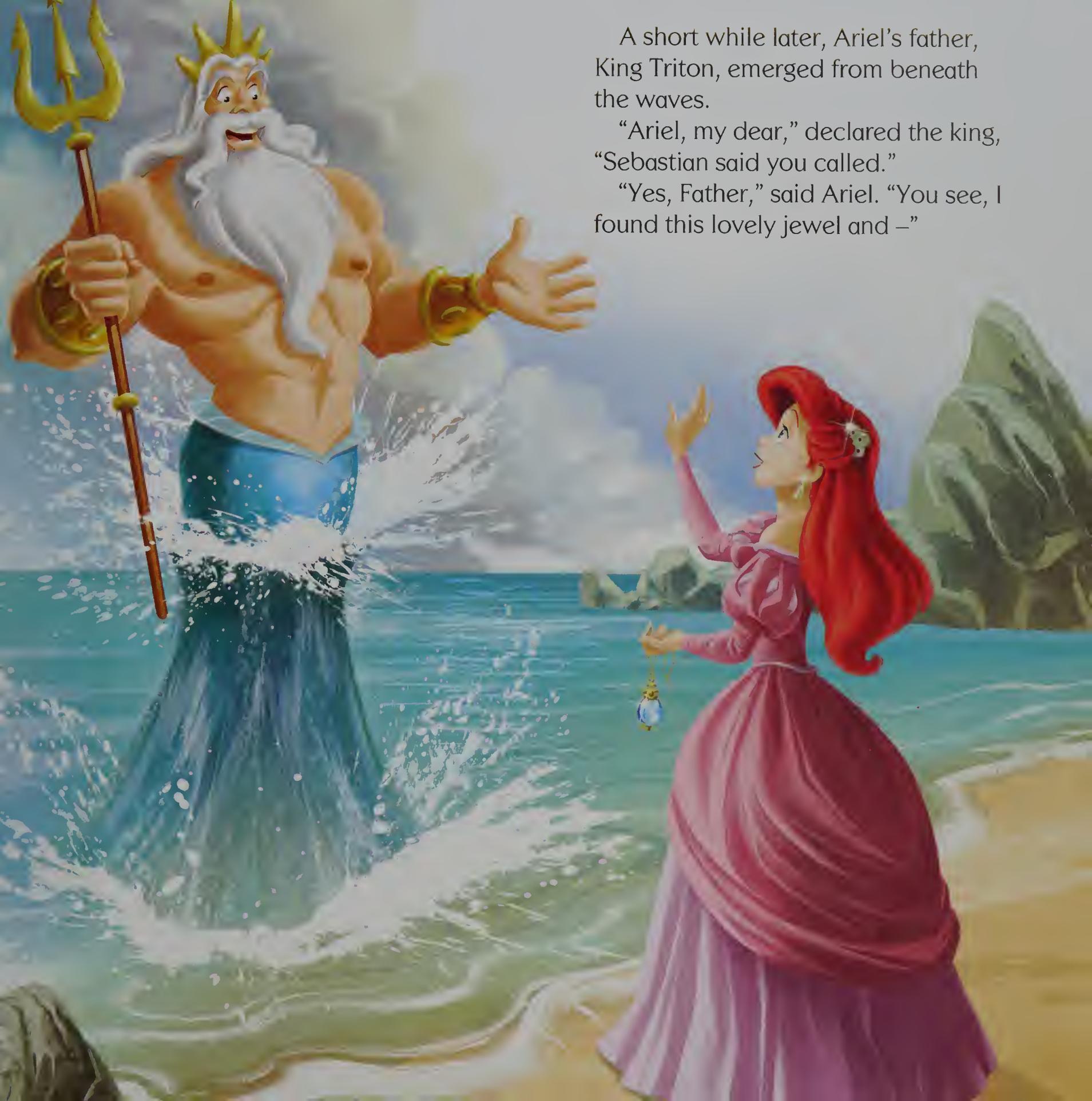
Ariel laughed. "I think you mean 'sweets,'" she told her friend. "And no, I don't think it's that. I think it's a jewel!" she cried.

But where had it come from? Ariel wondered. She'd never seen anything like it in the kingdom before.

Of course, it was wrapped in seaweed and lying on the shore. Perhaps ... perhaps it had come from the sea! And if it had come from the sea, she knew just whom to ask about it.

"Scuttle," she said quickly, "please go and find Sebastian. Ask him to get my father right away!"





A short while later, Ariel's father, King Triton, emerged from beneath the waves.

"Ariel, my dear," declared the king, "Sebastian said you called."

"Yes, Father," said Ariel. "You see, I found this lovely jewel and –"

King Triton looked astonished. "Where in the sea did you find it?" he asked.

"Actually," said Ariel, "I found it on the shore. Do you know where it came from?"

The king looked at her sadly. "Indeed, my dear, I do."

"Oh, tell me, Father," begged Ariel.

"In fact," said the king. "I can show you. But I'll have to change you back into a mermaid to do it."

And with a blast from his mighty trident, that's exactly what he did!

Gripping the water-coloured jewel, Ariel dove into the sea after her father. She'd nearly forgotten how wonderful it felt to swim freely through the water! By the time she and King Triton reached the gates of Atlantica, she felt very comfortable. It was as if she'd never left.

"Why, Father," Ariel cried excitedly, "this jewel is from Atlantica?"

Ariel's excitement faded, however, when her father led her to his throne room.

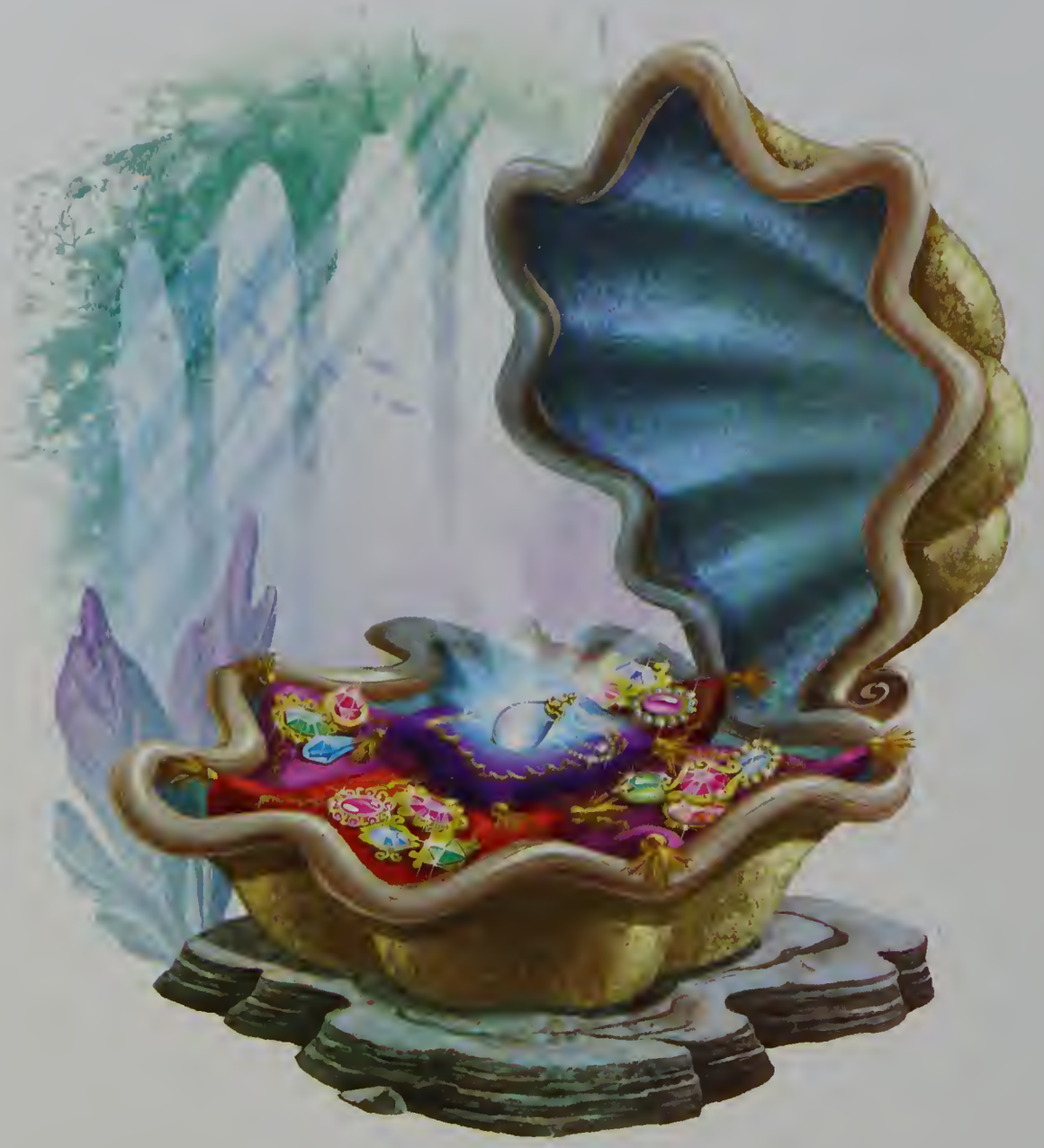
"Why, it looks like a tidal wave's been through here!" she said with a gasp. "And Atlantica's treasure – it's gone!"

"Alas," King Triton said sadly, "it's true. Can you believe it? For a thousand years, this chest has kept our kingdom's treasures safe. And then one giant wave comes and washes it all away! That aquamarine is just one of dozens of gems that were lost to us, I'm afraid. And though we've been searching ever since, it's still the only one that's been found."

"Don't worry, Father," said Ariel. "I'll help you find the other jewels! After all, I'm a pretty good treasure hunter, if I do say so myself!" And with a swish of her tail, she was off.

First, Ariel decided to search the old sunken ship – a place she still knew like the back of her fin. In and out of the galleon she swam, until she had found close to a dozen of the missing jewels!

Next, it was off to the coral reef, where it was easy to understand how jewels could be overlooked among all the deep crevasses and bright colours. But with a little help from Flounder and some other dear old friends, yet more lost jewels were found.



In fact, by the time the tide turned, Atlantica's treasure chest was full once more.

"Ariel, on behalf of Atlantica, I thank you," said King Triton.

"I'm just glad all the jewels are back where they belong," she replied.

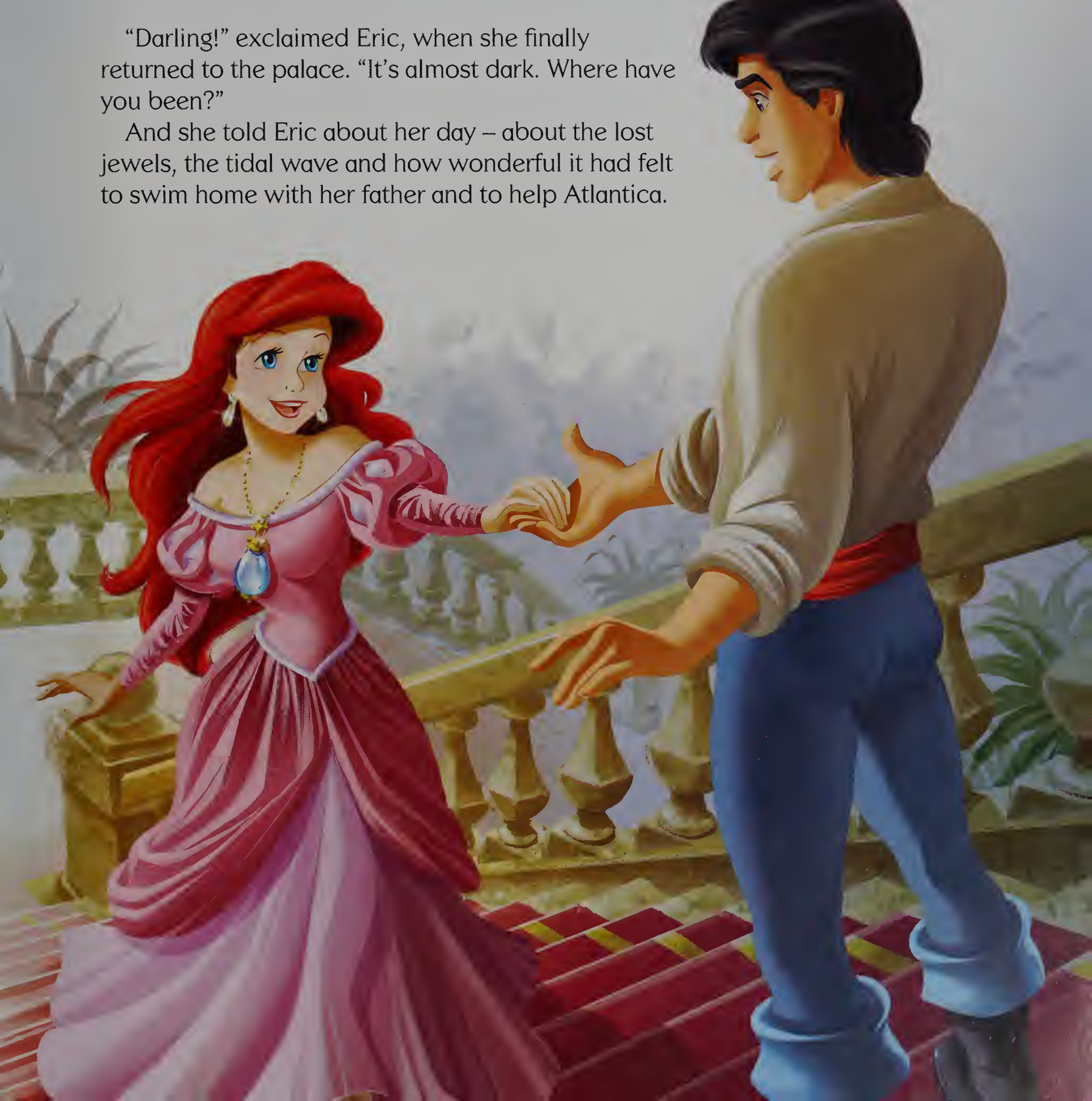
The king thought for a moment. "Actually," he said thoughtfully, "I'm not sure that they are all where they belong … quite yet." And he reached into the treasure chest and pulled out the first, and by far the most beautiful aquamarine that Ariel had found.

Then, giving Ariel a kiss on the top of her head, King Triton placed the jewel around her neck.

Then it was time, they both knew, for Ariel to swim back to her own castle and become a human princess once again.

"Darling!" exclaimed Eric, when she finally returned to the palace. "It's almost dark. Where have you been?"

And she told Eric about her day – about the lost jewels, the tidal wave and how wonderful it had felt to swim home with her father and to help Atlantica.



That night, Ariel gazed out over the sea as she touched the aquamarine jewel hanging around her neck. She knew that her father and her family were never far away. Even so, it felt good to have a piece of Atlantica with her, always.

Disney PRINCESS

AURORA AND THE DIAMOND CROWN

By Barbara Bazaldua
Illustrated by STUDIO IBOIX, Marco Colletti and Elena Naggi

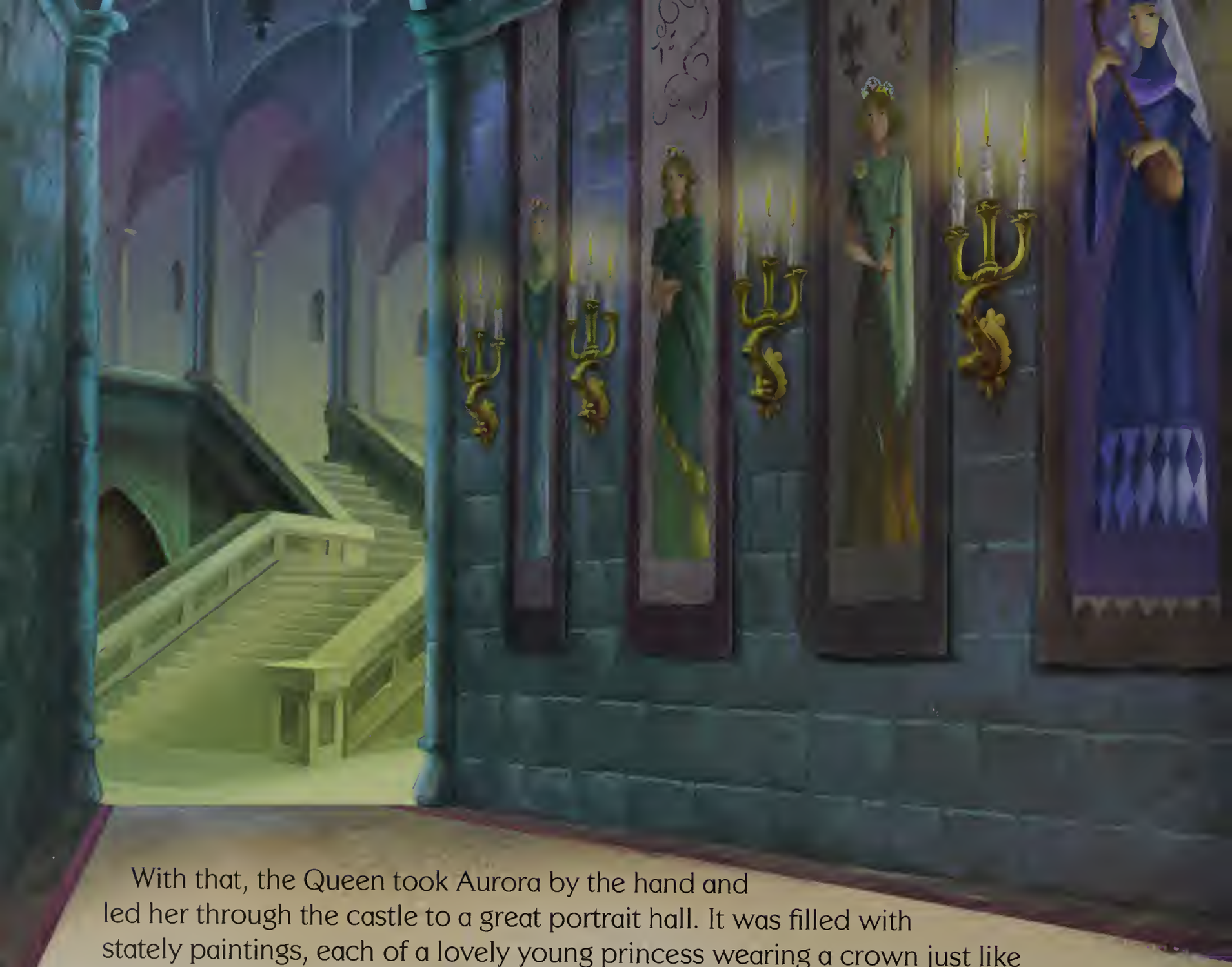
Aurora awoke one sunny morning in the most cheerful of moods.

After all, it was her seventeenth birthday and she could not wait to see what wonderful surprises were in store.

Luckily, she did not have to wait too long. As soon as she was dressed, her mother, the Queen, came in. Aurora noticed her mother was wearing a crown Aurora had never seen before. Gleaming at its centre was a large, pink, heart-shaped diamond trimmed all around with tiny, sparkling diamonds.

"Mother!" she cried. "What a beautiful crown! Is it new?"

"Actually," replied the Queen, "it's quite old. And it's the reason that I've come to you so early on this very special day."



With that, the Queen took Aurora by the hand and led her through the castle to a great portrait hall. It was filled with stately paintings, each of a lovely young princess wearing a crown just like the Queen was wearing.

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed Aurora, pointing to the nearest portrait. "Is that you?"

"Indeed, it is," replied the Queen. "It was painted on my seventeenth birthday. You see, Aurora, it's a tradition in our kingdom that on a princess's seventeenth birthday, this crown is passed down to her by her mother, to be worn until the day the princess herself becomes queen."

"Oh, Mother!" Aurora gasped. "Is that crown truly to be mine?"

"Well," her mother said with a smile, "I certainly hope so! But, according to tradition, you must first earn it."

"How?" asked Aurora.

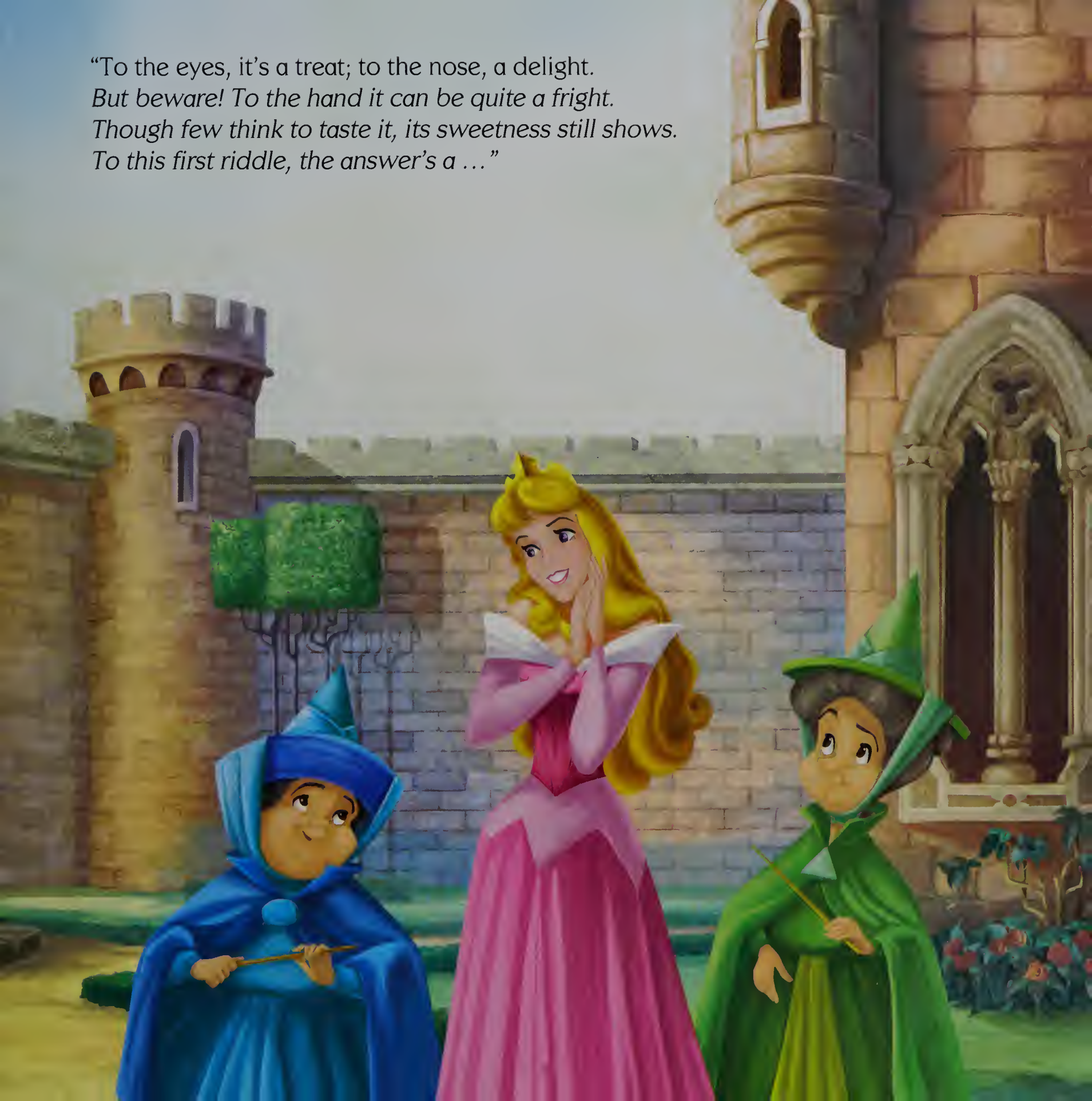
"By answering three riddles," her mother explained.

Just then, the three fairies, Flora, Fauna and Merryweather, flew in.

"Happy birthday, Princess!" said Merryweather. "We're here to give you your clues!"

Then the Queen kissed Aurora. "Think hard, my dear. And good luck!"

With a wave of their magic wands, the fairies made themselves bigger and transported themselves and Aurora out onto the castle grounds. Then Flora stepped up and recited the first riddle:


"To the eyes, it's a treat; to the nose, a delight.
But beware! To the hand it can be quite a fright.
Though few think to taste it, its sweetness still shows.
To this first riddle, the answer's a …"

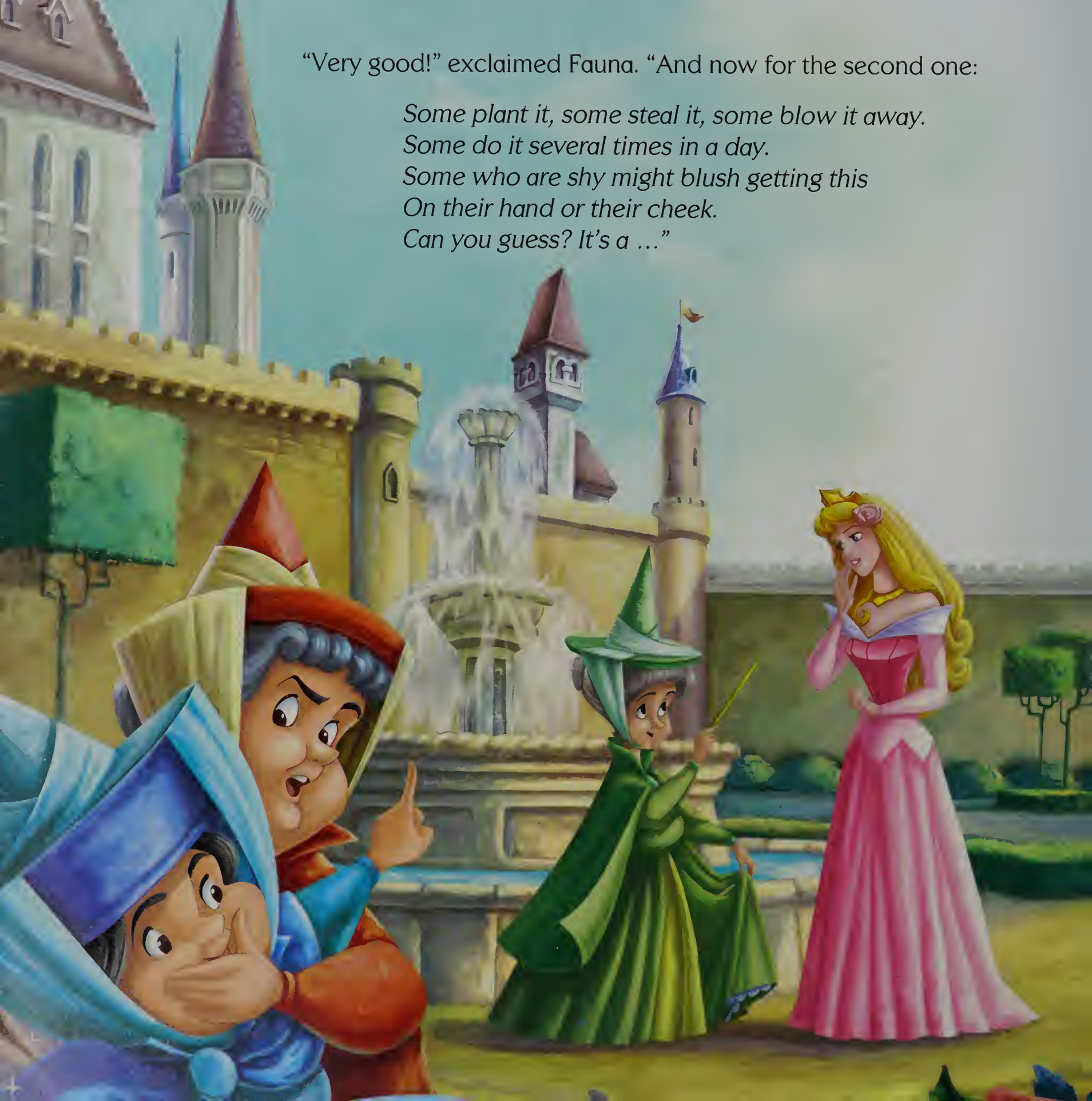
"Hmm…" said Aurora when Flora was done.

"Oh! I know!" said Merryweather.

"Of course you know," scolded Fauna. "It's Aurora who has to guess!"

"Do you know what the answer is, dearie?" asked Flora.

"Let's see," said Aurora. "'To the eye, it's a treat.' So it's pretty … 'To the nose, a delight.' So it smells good … 'To the hand … quite a fright.' So it must hurt … like a thorn … on a rose. That's it, isn't it?" And she hurried off to the rose garden, where she picked the biggest, most fragrant rose she could find.



"Very good!" exclaimed Fauna. "And now for the second one:

Some plant it, some steal it, some blow it away.
Some do it several times in a day.
Some who are shy might blush getting this
On their hand or their cheek.
Can you guess? It's a ..."

"Well …" said Aurora, thinking. "If 'some plant it,' it might be another flower – a dandelion, perhaps? You can blow them away, too. Of course, we don't have any of those in our garden. But what can you get on your 'hand' or your 'cheek' …?" she wondered aloud as she gazed at her reflection in the garden pool.

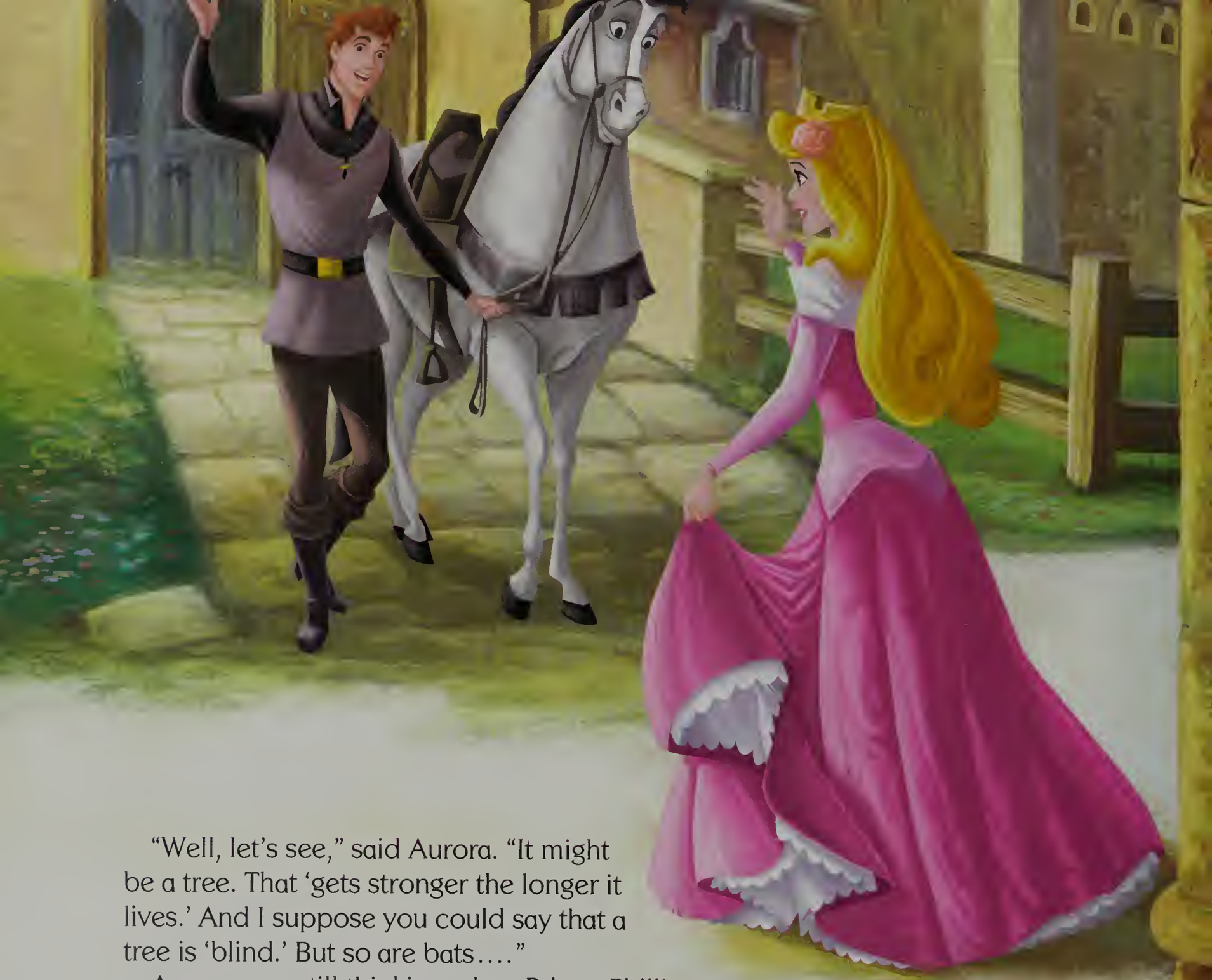
"I know!" Aurora cried suddenly. "It's a kiss, isn't it?" And, as if to prove it, she planted a kiss on each of the fairies, causing them to blush.

"Honestly," said Flora, "you're working out the answers more quickly than any princess yet!"

"Now it's my turn!" exclaimed Merryweather. "Are you ready, Aurora?"
"I think so," she replied.
"Ahem." Merryweather cleared her throat.

"What only gets stronger the longer it lives?
What pays you back tenfold the more that you give?
Some say it's blind, some say it's true,
Some just say simply, 'I … feel this … for you."

Merryweather giggled. "Silly me! I almost said the answer!"



"Well, let's see," said Aurora. "It might be a tree. That 'gets stronger the longer it lives.' And I suppose you could say that a tree is 'blind.' But so are bats...."

Aurora was still thinking when Prince Phillip walked by, leading his horse, Samson. "Happy birthday, my love!" he called with a big smile. And instantly, Aurora knew what the answer to the riddle was.

Happily, Aurora hurried back to the castle and to her mother's room.

"I've solved the riddles!" she announced. She took the pink rose from her hair and handed it to her mother as she kissed her on the cheek.

"Very good!" declared the Queen. "And the answer to the third riddle?"

That's when the fairies brought in Prince Phillip.

"It's love," said Aurora, "of course!"

No sooner had Aurora said the word than the Queen took the crown from her head and proudly placed it on Aurora's.

And then, some say, the heart-shaped diamond shone even brighter than before!

That very afternoon, Aurora had her portrait painted just as all the clever princesses who had come before her had.

And that night there was a grand birthday ball held in the castle in Aurora's honour.

"Happy birthday, Aurora, my darling," her mother told her warmly. "And may you have many, many more!"

The End

Disney PRINCESS

RAPUNZEL AND THE JEWELS OF THE CROWN

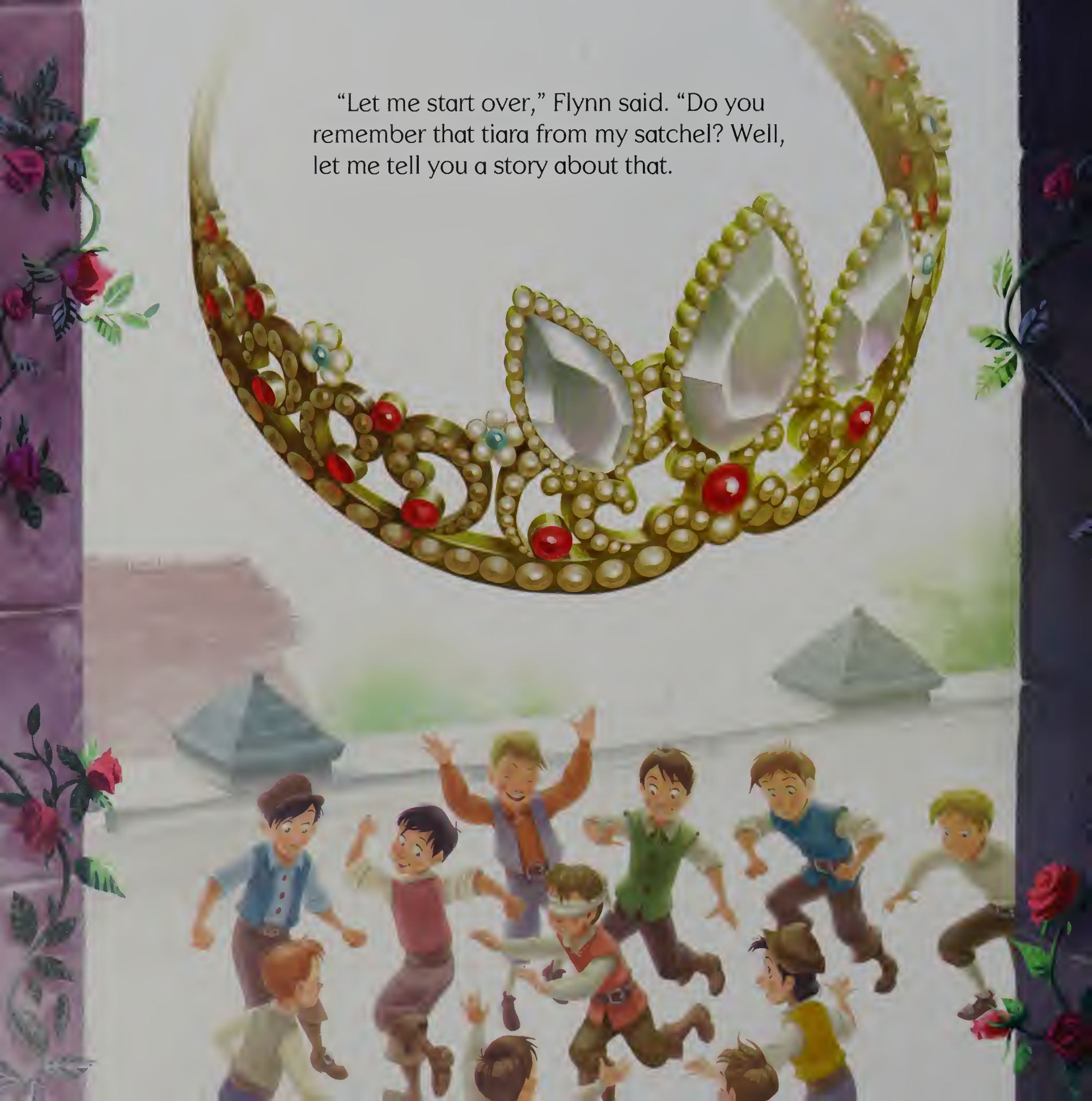
Rapunzel was excited! Freed from her tower and Mother Gothel, she and her friends were travelling back to the kingdom. Soon she would meet her true parents, the King and Queen.

"I can't believe I'm the lost princess," said Rapunzel. "I don't know how to be a princess."

Flynn smiled and said, "You'll be great as a princess. All you have to do is wear a huge, heavy crown...."

"Oh, my!" Rapunzel exclaimed.

"– though it's not a requirement," Flynn added quickly.



"Let me start over," Flynn said. "Do you remember that tiara from my satchel? Well, let me tell you a story about that.

"When I was a kid in the orphanage, I read a book about the princess and her tiara. The book said this tiara symbolized everything the princess should be.

"The tiara's white crystals stood for a strong, adventurous spirit; green represented gentleness and kindness; red stood for courage; and the round golden crown itself stood for leadership.

"For years, I thought of that tiara and then one day, I actually met a gal who could wear it. She certainly was adventurous....

"As she travelled towards her dream, she also showed kindness towards everyone, courage and definitely leadership. She just seemed to be able to turn every bad situation into something wonderful!"

"Flynn, are you talking about – ?" Rapunzel started.

"You!" Flynn exclaimed. "I'm talking about all those amazing things you did when you left your tower in search of those floating lights."

"But I did all those things when I had long, magical hair!" Rapunzel exclaimed. "Now I can hardly stand up straight. I feel off-balance. I have no idea how to help anyone without magic."

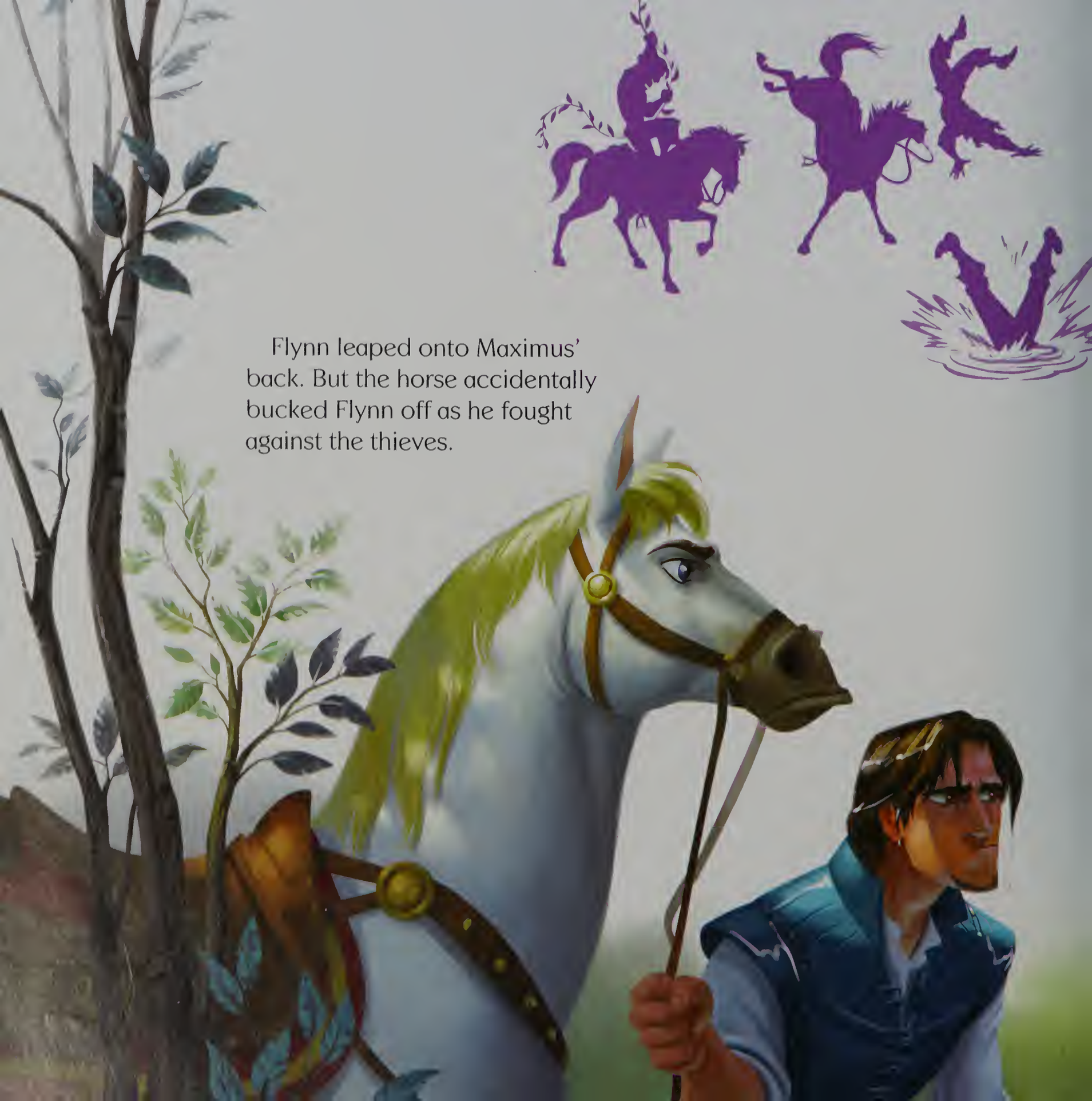
Suddenly, they heard a commotion behind them.

"Nobody move!" someone shouted.

Several men were ready to attack! "Just hand over your horse!"

Flynn leaped into action, chasing the thieves.
"Rapunzel!" he shouted. "Run away and don't look back!"

But Rapunzel did not run away. She ran right into the middle of the fray, trying to rescue Maximus.



Flynn leaped onto Maximus' back. But the horse accidentally bucked Flynn off as he fought against the thieves.

When it was over, Rapunzel scolded the bandits.
"It's all my fault," one man replied. "I need your horse to take my son to the doctor."

"Oh, my! Where is he?" Rapunzel asked.

Within minutes, Rapunzel was tending to the boy's injuries. He smiled in relief as he was hoisted onto Maximus for a ride to the kingdom's doctor.

"How can you ever forgive us?" the men asked.

Rapunzel thought of the tiara – adventure, kindness, courage and leadership. Suddenly, she realized she didn't need her magical hair. "Come with me," she said.

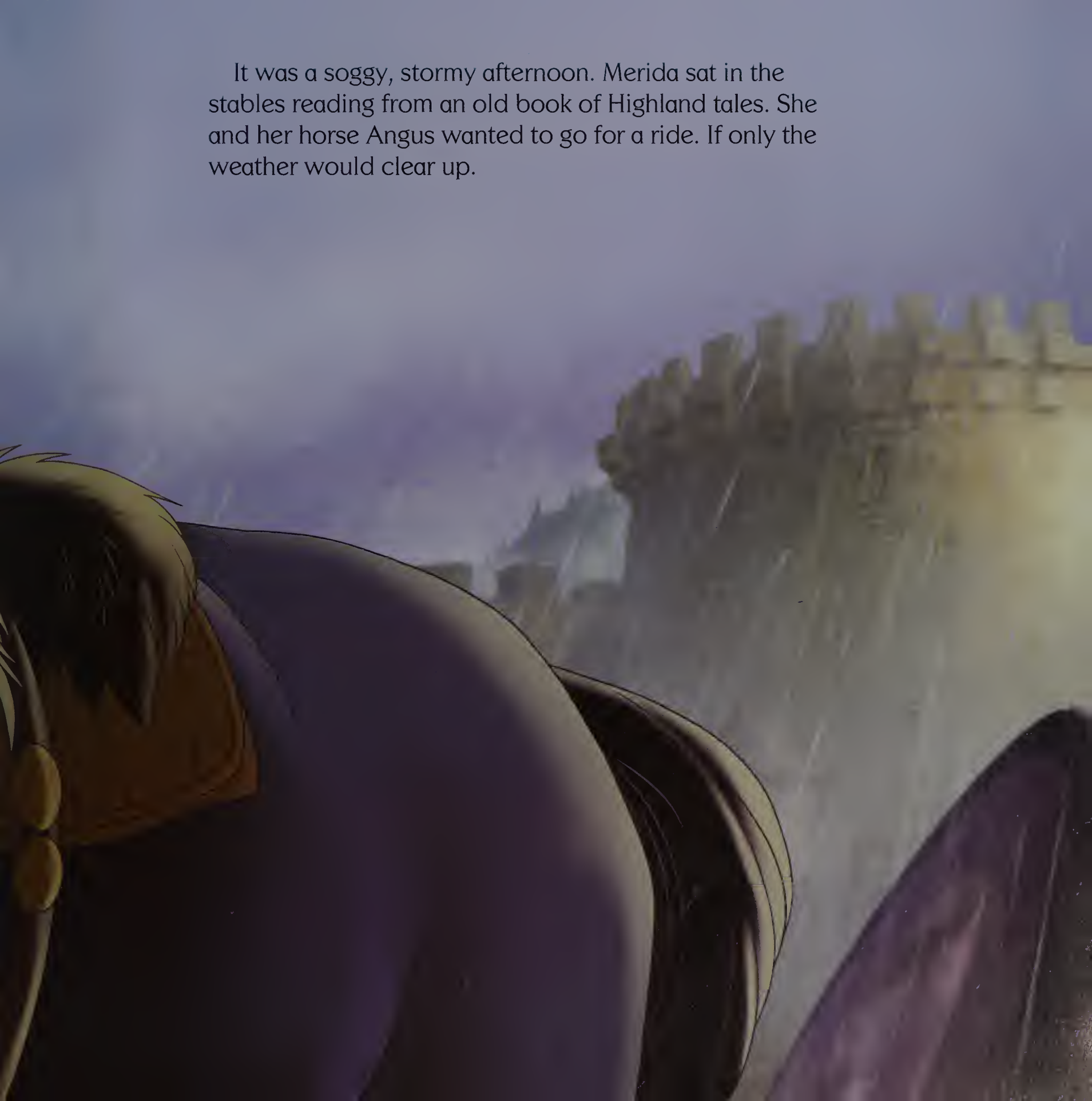
At the kingdom, Rapunzel received her princess crown and she knew no one would ever be as supportive as her faithful new friends!

The End

Disney Princess

MERIDA'S WILD RIDE

It was a soggy, stormy afternoon. Merida sat in the stables reading from an old book of Highland tales. She and her horse Angus wanted to go for a ride. If only the weather would clear up.



"Look, right there," Merida said. "Magical horses. That one there is called a kelpie. It's a water horse."

Angus snorted, shaking his head. It was clear that he wanted nothing to do with magic, especially after their last encounter.

The raindrops slowed and the clouds scattered.

"Come, lad," Merida said to Angus. "The sun's breaking through. Let's go for a ride."

They galloped across the bridge and down the hill.

Just as they reached the woods, a flash of grey caught Merida's eyes. "What was that?"

But Angus didn't want to follow – whatever it was. "Don't be a ninny," Merida chided him. "I'm sure it's not a bear."

Merida guided Angus to a clearing. In it stood a magnificent grey horse. Its coat shimmered. Its mane was like fine silk.

Breathless with excitement, Merida whispered to Angus, "I know that horse is magical."

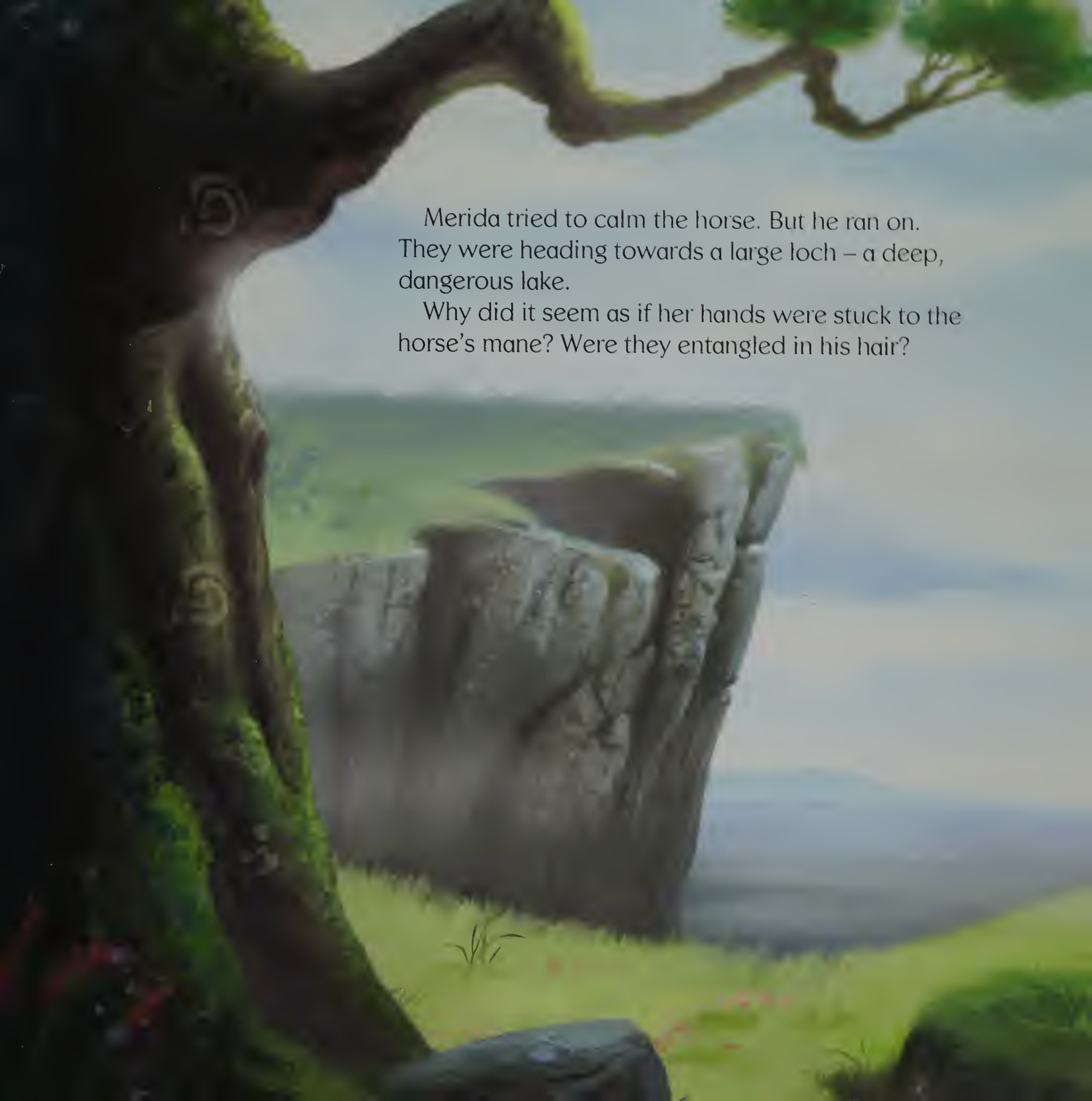
The horse lowered its head as Merida approached.

Suddenly, Angus blocked Merida's path.

"Angus," she called, "Don't be jealous, lad! This horse must be lost. We need to help him – make sure he's safe."

Merida talked to the grey horse, and it responded with a soft whinny.

Merida swung onto its back. She didn't have a bridle, but she knew she could guide him with her hands wrapped in his mane. The horse bolted but Merida wasn't frightened. She had been around horses all of her life.



Merida tried to calm the horse. But he ran on. They were heading towards a large loch – a deep, dangerous lake.

Why did it seem as if her hands were stuck to the horse's mane? Were they entangled in his hair?

The horse brushed against a tree and trapped rainwater fell down on her. Effortlessly, one of her hands came free.

Just ahead, a bridle hung from a tree. Merida stretched to reach it as they passed, but it was just beyond her fingertips. "Angus, help! The bridle!" she called.

Merida could only hope that her friend had heard her cry. There was a cliff ahead, between them and the loch. *He'll stop before we get to it,* Merida thought. *Won't he?*

Merida tugged and pulled on the horse's mane. Nothing worked. She even tried to slide off his side. But she couldn't move.

Merida looked up at the sound of a whinny. Angus galloped up next to them – and he was carrying a bridle!

He tossed it. Merida caught it and slipped it over the horse's head. With the reins in her hand, she guided the horse to a path that led away from the cliff's edge.

As they reached the shore of the loch, the horse finally slowed to a stop. Merida was no longer stuck. She jumped off.

The stallion stood quietly. Merida looked in his eyes for an answer to what had caused the wild ride. Something sparked her memory and she removed the bridle. His head moved softly as if he were nodding, before he galloped down the misty shoreline.

Merida frowned as she watched him. Was he really racing into the water, or was it the fog playing tricks on her eyes?

Back at the stable, Merida looked at the book she had been reading. She found the legend of the kelpie. "Once a bridle is put on a kelpie, the water horse will do your bidding," she read.

She looked up at Angus. Was it possible? Had she been riding a kelpie?

The End

Inside this beautiful book you'll find six magical adventures to enjoy. Read about Merida's wild ride, join Cinderella as she searches for her lost friends, hunt for underwater treasure with Ariel, and lots more!

Children of all ages will love reading or listening to these enchanting tales.

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